

Mary Hoffman

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Poem: Cancer is a prison

Everyone's complaining
And they have the right
Sports have been cancelled
Along with their flights
But they have it easy
Sitting home all day
Watching their Netflix
As time rolls away
"It's awful!" they say
To be isolated from others
But this quarantine seems to get rid of their problems
Those with cancer wish they could take a pause
From all of the surgeries and all of their flaws
But instead they have to listen to
Complaints from people who are out of shampoo
These people will never understand
The prison of living within your own diseased skin